

Weird, Spooky, Supernatural Stories

The

BEYOND

MAR. 10c

GRAVE ROBBER / AT LAST /
THE STAKE HAS BEEN REMOVED
FROM MY HEART, AND I CAN LIVE
AGAIN / BLOOD / I MUST HAVE
YOUR BLOOD /



OUR MARINES' LIFELINE to the sea was in danger. A Communist force of 4,000 men had seized the key hill overlooking Hagaruwi in the desperate Chosin Reservoir fighting. The hill had to be taken. But there were no combat forces available.

Lieutenant Colonel Myers, then a major, rallied together clerks, cooks, and other service personnel, and led a makeshift unit of 350 men in an assault up the snow-covered 600-foot hill. Leading combat officers and non-coms, Colonel Myers ranged the entire attacking front, leading his outnumbered forces upward in the face of murderous fire concentrated on him. After 24 hours of struggle, the enemy was routed, the hill captured, and the route to the sea opened. Colonel Myers says:

"When a handful of men can help turn the tide of history, just think of the incentive strength of 150 million people working toward a common goal—a secure America! That's what you, and millions of people like you, are accomplishing with your successful \$50-billion-dollar investment in U.S. Defense Bonds."

"Peace doesn't just happen—it requires work. Our troops in Korea are doing their part of the job. You're doing yours when you buy Bonds. Together we can hammer out the peace we're all working for."

* * *

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Lt. Colonel
Reginald R. Myers, USMC
Medal of Honor



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The HAUNTED RECORDING

YOU STUPID FOOL, DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO ACT? I WANT THE SOUND OF A WOMAN IN PAIN-BEING STRANGLING... BRING IT MUST BE GRUESOME... SPIN... CHILLING... BLAST TOO... I'LL MAKE YOU GIVE ME THE SOUNDS I WANT!

NO, REX - YOU'RE - (SIGH) ULLU! / ARGH! STRANGLING - HE FEELS EVERYTHING - BLACK! MY THROAT! ARGH! ARGH!



THAT WAS IT! JUST THE SOUNDS I WANTED! HE GOT ON THAT TIME, MONEY! YOU... GOOD SHEFFS - I MUST'VE SQUEEZED TOO LONG, TOO HARD! SHE - SHE'S DEAD!

HER VOICE AGAIN! THOSE HORRIBLE SOUNDS! EVEN THE DEATH RATTLE! BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! JOAN'S DEAD! DEAD!



WHEN REX VORSE, WHO OWNED A SMALL SOUND-EFFECTS RECORDING STUDIO, GOT AN ORDER FROM A LARGE NETWORK HE KNEW IT WAS HIS BIG CHANCE. HE WORKED ALL NIGHT MAKING THE ASSORTMENT OF SOUND EFFECTS DESIRED IN THE MORNING, EXHAUSTED, DESEPERATE, BECAUSE THE ACTRESS HE' HIRRED COULDN'T PRODUCE THE HORROR- SOUNDS HE WANTED. REX TOOK THE MATTER INTO HIS OWN HANDS-LITERALLY.

MY THROAT! ARGH! ARGH!

WHEN FOR A MOMENT THAT
ALMOST GOT ME! THE AUTOMATIC
PLAYBACK SWITCH WAS SET /
THOSE WERE THE SOUNDS MARI
MADE WHILE SHE WAS DYING,
RECORDED ON... HEY! WAIT
A MINUTE!



IF I COULD GET RID OF THAT
CORPSE, NOBODY WOULD EVEN
KNOW SHE'S DEAD / AT THE SAME
TIME I COULD SELL THAT WON-
DERFULLY REALISTIC RECORD OF
HER DEATH-SOUNDS TO THE
NETWORK!



I'LL HIDE THE BODY HERE
UNTIL NIGHTFALL WHEN I CAN
SET IT OUT OF THE BUILDING
UNNOTICED!



LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF A NETWORK EXECUTIVE...

FANTASTIC, REX! THAT'S SO
REALISTIC! IT GIVES ME THE
CHILLS! IT'S JUST WHAT WE
NEED! IF YOU CAN KEEP BRINGING
IN THIS KIND OF REALISM IN SOUND
EFFECTS, YOU'RE DOING BIG
BUSINESS WITH THIS NETWORK!



EEEEYAAAH /
AWWK / HELP!
STRANGLING!
UUUGGGHH /



BIGGEST CHECK YET! NOW I CAN
AFFORD TO BUY SOME NEW, MODERN
EQUIPMENT, HIRE BETTER ACTORS, THIS
IS THE BEGINNING OF BIGGER AND
BETTER THINGS FOR REX VORSE!



THAT NIGHT... NOW THAT IT'S DARK AND
THE BUILDING DESERTED, I CAN GET RID OF--
WHAT? IT'S GONE! MARI'S CORPSE!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT?



MARI! YOU-YOU'RE
NOT DEAD! I DIDN'T
KILL YOU AFTER ALL!



LISTEN CLOSELY, REX! THERE IS A STRONG GYPSY STRAIN IN ME AND IT IS A LAW OF MY TRIBE THAT ANY WHO DIE BY FOUL PLAY CANNOT REST IN PEACE UNTIL JUSTICE IS DONE TO THE MURDERER! GIVE YOURSELF UP, REX! CONFESS MY MURDER, OR...



IT-IT'S MARI'S VOICE ALL RIGHT, BUT THIS MUST BE A TRICK! THE DEAD CAN'T MAKE RECORDINGS! AND SHE IS DEAD! I KNOW! I KILLED HER! THIS WILL STOP THAT VOICE!



THAT-THAT VISION-OR WHATEVER! IT WAS-IT'S WALKED RIGHT INTO THE FILM CABINET... IS DISAPPEARING!



THE- THE CORPSE IS STILL HERE! MY EYES MUST HAVE PLAYED TRICKS ON ME BEFORE! I-I'LL HAVE TO KEEP BETTER CONTROL OF MY NERVES!



AND I WAS HEARING THREE, TOO! THIS RECORD COULDN'T HAVE PLAYED! IT'S UNUSUAL! THE- THIS SHAPEN PIECE SHAPED LIKE A PROFILE OF MARI IS- IS JUST A COIN- CIDENCE, THAT'S ALL!



STILL SHAKEN BY THE EVENTS AT THE STUDIO, REX FORSE REVENGELESSLY RESOLUTELY CARRIED OUT HIS PLAN TO GET RID OF MARI'S CORPSE.

I'M FAR ENOUGH OUT OF THE CITY! THESE LONELY WOODS LOOK LIKE A GOOD SPOT! MORGOT'LL FIND HER BURIED WAY OUT HERE!



THIS IS PERFECT! AN OLD ABANDONED GRAVEYARD!





THANK GOODNESS THE GRAVE IS NEARLY FILLED! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! KEEP HEARING CRAZY MOANING AND CRYING SOUNDS! ...I- I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF!



NIN'EE!

THAT HORRIBLE
HAND! MARI'S TRYING
TO BREAK OUT OF
HER GRAVE!



GET BACK! YOU-
YOU'RE DEAD! THE
DEAD CAN'T RISE!
I'LL MAKE YOU
STAY HERE!



WHEN I FINALLY STOPPED POUNDING THE
GRAVE WITH THE SHOVEL THERE WAS NO
LONGER ANY SIGN OF THE HAND! BUT
DID IT REALLY REACH OUT OF THE
GRAVE OR WAS I SEEING
THINGS AGAIN?



MARI! NO! NO!
YOU CAN'T BE HERE!

AS I TOLD
YOU, I CANNOT
REST IN PEACE
UNTIL YOU HAVE
ATTACHED FOR MY
DEATH! AND THERE
IS ONE OTHER
THING YOU MUST
ALSO DO!



WHEN I TURNED ON THE LIGHT
ONE—IT VANISHED! BUT THAT
RECORDING OF HER VOICE
STILL PLAYS!

YOU MUST GET
BACK THAT RECORDING
OF MY DEATH—SOUNDS FROM
THE NETWORK! BUY IT
WITH ME! ONLY THEN
WILL I BE SURE THAT
THIS SACRIFICE OF
SENDING MY DYING
VOICE OUT OVER THE
AIR WAVES WILL NOT
CONTINUE!



THE COLOR OF RED
CLAY, THE SAME AS
THAT IN THE GRAVE-
YARD! HOW DID IT
GET HERE, UNLESS
---NO! THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

THIS RECORD IS BLANK! IT COULDN'T HAVE TALKED! I'LL TAKE A SLEEPING TABLET! IN THE MORNING, AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, I'LL BE ABLE TO LAUGH AT THESE FOOLISH HALLUCINATIONS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...



I FEEL BETTER TODAY! MY NERVES AREN'T JINGLING! NO VISIONS, NO HORROR-SCENES, NOTHING!

BUT THAT EVENING, WHEN REX HAD VISITED HIS FATHER...

BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW YOU GOT THAT BIG NETWORK ACCOUNT, REX, DEAR!



I SAID I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT ANY MORE / IT GETS ME NERVOUS!

SODDENLY, BEHIND REX HADN'T MOVED HIS EYES, THE SCENE ON THE TV SCREEN CHANGED...



AWWWK!
GONG BELLING
STAMPING

EVERYTHING
TURNING
BLACK!
ARRRRGGGHH!

IT WAS DARK AGAIN! AND THAT RECORDING! HER DYING WORDS, HER DEATH-SCREAMS! I—I CAN'T STAND IT!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT REX? I HEARD NOTHING—SAW NOTHING—EXCEPT THAT DANCE ACT ON THE SCREEN! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, REX?

REX, YOU LOOK SICK, UPSET! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR OR ...



LEAVE ME ALONE! I—I'VE GOT TO GO SOME PLACE, DO SOMETHING!

A HALF HOUR LATER...

MARY MUST BE SOME KIND OF WITCH, ABLE TO COME BACK FROM THE DEAD! IF SO, I KNOW HOW SHE CAN BE STOPPED! I'VE GOT TO TRY IT, ANYHOW!





I'LL DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH THE HEART OF HER CORPSE, LIKE THEY USED TO DO TO VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES AND WITCHES! THAT'LL STOP HER FROM COMING FROM BEYOND THE VALE TO TORMENT ME!



THE GRAVE'S EMPTY / THE CORPSE IS GONE!

HERE I AM, REX, WITH SOME OF MY KINSMEN WHOSE REST HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY THE NOCTURNAL FROWLING YOU FORCE ME TO MAKE!



SO THIS IS THE MURDERER WHO IS CAUSING ALL THE UNREST, MARY! WE'LL FIX HIM!

STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU FRIENDS... / THAT—THAT BLEEDIE HAMMER CRASHED RIGHT THROUGH HIM!



FELL! / STRUCK MY HEAD! / EVERYTHING WHIRLING AROUND! / I—I'M PASSING OUT...



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? / WH-WHERE AM I?

ALL I KNOW IS, MISTEL, I WAS TAKEN THIS PATH AND SAW A BUNCH O' DEER-LOOKIN' CRYTTERS BURIN' YOU ALIVE! WHEN I WOLLED, THEY GORT O'-WELL-SQUISHED!



GUT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE! / YOU ALL RIGHT? / WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' HERE IN THIS CEMETERY!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO! / I—I CAN'T FIGHT THE SUPER-NATURAL! / I'VE GOT TO GET THAT RECORD OF MARY'S DRING VOICE BACK, PUT IT IN HER GRAVE AS SHE ORDERED AND—AND IF THAT DOESN'T STOP THIS TORMENT, I—I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP TO THE POLICE!

THERE WON'T BE ANYBODY AROUND AT THIS HOUR! I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET INTO THE NETWORK'S RECORD LIBRARY WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!



WHEN, IT'S HOT IN THIS SOUND-PROOFED ROOM! AH, HERE'S MARY'S RECORD! NOW TO—



SLAM!

MARY! WHY DO YOU COME HERE? WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A LITTLE 'LONGER'?



YOU WANTED THIS BLASTED RECORD? THERE IT IS! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!



THE DOOR'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE! I-I'M SHUT IN HERE WITH YOU! LET ME OUT! I-I'LL SUFFOCATE! I-I FEEL MYSELF CHOKING...



NOW I-I FEEL SO STRANGELY WEAK... SUFFOCATING... NO! DON'T STRANGLE ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!



LATER, WHEN NETWORK EXECUTIVES OPENED UP THE SOUND FILE STUDIO...

GOOD GRIEF! NICK VOSE LOCKED IN HERE, DEAD! AND HIS VOICE BLARING FROM ALL THE RECORD PLAYERS!

AND THE OTHER CORPSE! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN DEAD AND BURIED! ITS CLOTHING PARTS OF A BROKEN RECORD IN ITS HAND! WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED HERE?



I-I'M GOING MAD! HELP!
DON'T WANT TO DIE!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL YOU!

THE END

TRUE TALES of UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

37

A STRANGE TALE OF HORROR IS TOLD IN THE BALKAN AREA OF EUROPE. IN 1998, A BARON OF ONE OF THESE COUNTRIES WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT HIS DOMAIN AS AN UNMERCIFUL HUNTER. HIS PRIME OCCUPATION WAS HUNTING AND KILLING ANIMALS IN HIS HUGE BLACK FORESTS. ONE DAY THE BARON AND TWO FRIENDS SAT IN HIS HUNTING LODGE IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST...



SOMETIMES WHEN I HUNT IN THESE WOODS, I GET A STRANGE FEELING THAT I AM BEING STALKED BY THE ANIMALS I HUNT!

JUST YOUR IMAGINATION, BARON! LET'S ADD SOME MORE HEADS TO THIS COLLECTION!



AFTER HOURS OF FUTILE SEARCH FOR GAME...

NO LUCK SO FAR! WE'LL SEPARATE AND TRY ON OUR OWN!

GOOD! WE'LL MEET BACK HERE AT DUSK, BARON!



THE TWO MEN LEFT THE BARON AND HEADED IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS! SOON AFTER, A TERRIFYING SCREAM ECHOED THROUGH THE FOREST.

IT SOUNDED LIKE THE BARON! HE'S IN TROUBLE! QUICK, THIS WAY!



SOON THEY REACHED A SMALL CLEARING...

LOOK! FOOTPRINTS OF MANY ANIMALS!

THE BARON'S GUN, SMASHED! PARTS OF HIS TOWN CLOTHING! HE MUST HAVE BEEN ANNIHILATED BY ANIMALS!

THE MEN RETURNED TO THE HUNTING LODGE EXPECTING TO FIND THE BARON BUT WHEN THEY ENTERED THE LODGE, THEY WERE SHOCKED BY AN AWESOME SIGHT THAT CONFRONTED THEM...



ON THE WALL! THE MOUNTED HEAD OF THE BARON!

THE FEAR OF DEATH THAT THE BARON FELT HAD COME TRUE! THE ANIMALS HAD SO UNMERCIFULLY HUNTED AND SLAIN, HAD TURNED AND SET UPON HIM! THEY BECAME THE HUNTERS AND THE BARON BECAME THE HUNTED! THE SIGHT OF THE BARON'S MOUNTED HEAD ON THE WALL SURROUNDED BY HIS VICTIMS, HAD ENOUGH CAUSE FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND TO HAVE THE MYSTERIOUS FOREST DESIGNATED THE STORY OF THIS EPIC ADVENTURE REMAINS AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

END

BLOODED ALTAR

OR
Frykon
Tower

MARCO /
MARCO
FRYSON /

I DON'T THINK HE HEARD
US / LET'S SEE IF WE CAN
CATCH UP TO HIM /

MARCO'S GONE... THERE AREN'T
DISAPPEARED IN TOO MANY
THE CROWD / HOTELS AROUND
NOW!! WE HERE. LET'S HIT
EVER FIND A COUPLE OF
HIM NOW? 'EM... SEE IF WE
CAN FIND OUT
WHERE HE'S
STAYING /



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

YES...HE WAS
HERE... BUT HE
CHECKED OUT A
LITTLE WHILE
AGO. HE SAID
HE WAS GOING
TO A MOUNTAIN
TOWN...A TOWN
CALLED
FRYSON /

HOW
FEARFUL" HE
LOOKED WHEN
HE SAID
THAT NAME /



LURED BY THEIR STUDIES OF THE
BLACK ARTS AND THE LOVE OF MEDIEVAL
MYSTICISM, CARLTON SCOTT AND JOE WHITMAN—
COLLEGE BUNCHES—VENTED ONE SUMMER VACATION,
THE HOMETOWN OF SATANIC DEMONOLOGY. IN
THE TEEMING SUBURBS OF A STORIED BALKAN
CITY, THEY WERE DISCOVERED WHEN THEY
A CLOUT SCOUT OF A CLASSMATE... A
NOTE OF THE FAMILIAR IN THIS LAND
OF STRANGE SHAPES AND WEIRD
POWERS





I HAVE BEEN CARETAKER
OF THE TOWER FOR MANY YEARS /
I WATCHED YOU CLIMB THE PATH /
THERE ARE INTERESTING THINGS...
IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE...

SOOO / THAT'S
WHY WE ARE
HERE /

UP THE GRIMBLING STONE -
STEPS LEADING TO THE TOP
OF THE TOWER THEY WENT...
FEELING THE FORCE OF EVIL
PRESSING AROUND THEM THEN,
AT LAST, THEY REACHED
DAYLIGHT AGAIN.

AND THIS IS
THE HIGHEST
POINT /

BUT THAT ALTAR
STANDED WITH BLOODY
WHAT WAS IT
USED FOR?



YOU DID NOT KNOW? /
THIS WAS THE TOWER OF
THE FOLLOWERS OF
SATAN...THE AWFUL ONES
WHO WOULD CALL THE
DEMONS FROM THE HALF-
WORLD AND GIVE THEM
HUMANS TO FEED UPON /
EVER NOW...THE
DEMONS STILL TRY
TO RETURN /



YOU DON'T STILL
BELIEVE IN THOSE
SUPERSTITIONS,
DO YOU? THIS IS
THE THIRTEENTH
CENTURY...ALL
THAT STUFF
BELONGS IN
THE MIDDLE
AGES /

IT IS TRUE...I
TELL YOU / EVER
NOW / IT IS VERY
DANGEROUS TO BE
HERE AT THE FULL
OF THE MOON /



JOE WHITMAN WAS ENTRANCED
BY THE OLD CARETAKER'S STORY,
AND LATER THAT NIGHT...

DO YOU THINK IT
POSSIBLE?...
SPOOKS---IN
THIS DRY AND
WET? WHY---?

HOLD IT,
CARLTON /
WE'RE NOT
THE ONLY ONES
WITH THAT
IDEA. LOOK
UP THERE /



MUST BE
THE
CARETAKER /

IF WE HURRY...
WE CAN SEE
WHAT HE'S
UP TO /



BUT AS THEY ENTERED THE
TOWER...



HOW LONG THEY LAY UNCONSCIOUS, THEY DID NOT KNOW... BUT AS THEY REGAINED THEIR SENSES...

WH-WHAT? THAT HAPPENED? I SCREAM / IT'S FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER!



IT—IT'S LIKE SOMEONE BEING TORTURED BEYOND ENDURANCE!



AS THEY REACHED THE TOP OF THE TOWER...

GOOD LORD / THE... THE CARETAKER

GOOD... TAAHH MOOO...



THE HEARD CHANT RANG THROUGH THE STILL NIGHT AND THE TWO MEN WERE MOMENTARILY ROOTED IN THEIR TRACKS WITH HORROR

AAAHHEEA...

ON THE FLOOR, CARLTON... IT'S MARCO!

IT—IT IS TRUE... ABOUT THE DEMONS / BUT THEY'RE DISAPPEARING...



THE OLD DEVIL WAS GOING TO SACRIFICE HIM TO THE DEMONS!

NO, DON'T...

YOU MONSTER!



NO... YOU MUSTN'T RELEASE HIM / YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WHY? SO YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR BLACK WORK?



IT WAS A MATTER OF SECONDS TO UNWIND THE FOMES FROM THEIR FRIENDS, BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

GRAY, MARCO... NOW YOU'RE... UHH...

YES, I'M FREE... FREE!





WARD / WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?

IT IS TOO
LATE / I TRIED
TO WARN YOU /



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? YOU
WERE TRYING
TO KILL HIM,
WEREN'T YOU?

YOU FOOLS /
I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO
TELL YOU...



ALL THROUGH THE
CENTURIES, MY FAMILY
HAS BEEN DEDICATED TO
GUARDING THIS TOWER...
TO PREVENTING THE
DEMONS FROM COMING
BACK INTO THE WORLD
AGAIN / TONIGHT, I HEARD
NOISES AT THE TOP OF
THE TOWER, AND RUSHED
UP THERE...

"I PUSHED UP THE STAIRWAY, PICKING UP A
LOOSE ROCK FOR A WEAPON AS I RAN /
WHEN I REACHED THE TOP..."



COME FORTH,
O DEMONS... COME
TO YOUR MASTER...

IT... IT IS A
MEMBER OF THE
CURSED FRYXON
FAMILY...

"THE FRYXONS HAD... FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL...
ALWAYS BEEN THE LEADERS OF THE BLACK CULT,
AND HERE WAS ONE OF THEM, BRINGING THE
DEMONS BACK INTO THE WORLD. I HAD TO
STOP HIM..."



YOU WILL NOT
SUCCEED!

USH!



I BOUND AND Gagged HIM,
THEN STARTED THE CHANT MY
FATHER HAD LEARNED FROM
HIS FATHER... THE CHANT TO
DRIVE THE DEMONS BACK
TO THEIR HALF-WORLD...

AND THAT'S WHEN WE
CAME, THINKING YOU
WERE TRYING TO KILL
WARD!



WHAT CAN
WE DO NOW?

AS LONG AS ONE
FRYXON IS FREE,
NONE OF US IS SAFE /
WE MUST SEARCH FOR
HIM... PREVENT HIM
FROM STARTING
THE CULT AGAIN!

THE FATEFUL SEARCH BEGAN...
THE SEARCH AGAINST HORROR...
BUT IT WAS USELESS / NO
SIGN OF MARCO PRYDON WAS
FOUND, AND AT LAST...

I'M GETTING
TIRED / I'M
GOING TO GO
BACK TO THE
TOWER FOR
A WHILE.

ALL RIGHT,
I'LL KEEP ON
LOOKING.

AFTER JOE WINTHAM HAD RETURNED
TO THE TOWER, CARLTON SCOTT AND
THE CARETAKER SEPARATED TO
CONTINUE THE SEARCH. LONG MINUTES
PASSED, AND THEN A SCREAM OF MIND-
SHATTERING TERROR FILLED THE AIR.

IT--IT'S
JOE!

GOT TO--
TRY TO--
SAVE
HIM...



ON THE BARREN SHORES OF NORTH AMERICA THERE IS A SMALL WOODS VILLAGE THAT WAS THE SCENE OF AN ALMOST INCREDIBLE TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL. THE STORY STARTED WHEN TWO MEN ABOARD A WHALING BOAT ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN HAD AN ARGUMENT THAT LED TO A BATTLE WHICH TOOK THE LIFE OF ONE MAN.



SOMEHOW... CAPTAIN, I'VE COME BACK FOR MY REVENGE.

P - PETERSON? I'LL KILL YOU AGAIN! THIS TIME YOU WILL STAY DEAD!

COME BACK FOR MY REVENGE?

The muffled cry of the captain slumped to the floor, his dead eyes open in a horrible stare. The figure of Peterson was instantly vanished into thin air. The authorities were baffled and found no explanation for the death. So, again the weird forces of the sea claimed a victim.

WORLD OF GLASS!

Bill Cranford was just married. He'd just left the wedding ceremony. A very unusual wedding ceremony. The groom looked unhappy. The bride looked unhappy. And the guests were the most perplexed people on earth. The reason was simple. frighteningly simple. Bill would permit no mirrors in the hall. No glass of any kind. No reflectors. Yet this was only consistent with Bill's queer behavior for weeks preceding the marriage. People had warned Joan that Bill was mad. What else would YOU call a man who insisted on sitting in dark corners where there were no mirrors or reflection of any kind? Who refused glass tumblers or highly polished eating utensils? Who wouldn't drive with windows of any kind in his car . . . no rear vision mirror, no windshield, no gleaming metal of any sort! As the bridal couple stepped into Bill's absurd-looking automobile, people knew that they were hoping in vain that Bill's peculiarity would vanish. As he drove off, one hand to shield his face to ward off any sudden reflections, they clucked their tongues in sympathy for poor Joan. Marriage vows cannot care *wooway!* Joan had married a madman!

So it seemed as the couple drove along, Bill couldn't see what was behind him, so he almost got into an accident. When Joan flashed a compact mirror, he snatched it angrily from her hand. When they arrived at the house—the house Bill had specially constructed for their married life—Joan was at her wit's end!

"There isn't one window, one glass, one reflecting surface in the whole house!" she cried. "I can't go to like this, Bill! Something is horribly wrong with you! This obsession with mirrors and glass . . . what IS it?"

Bill stared at the strange-looking, box-like, wooden-paneled building and sighed. He nodded desperately. "You think I'm mad, too," he murmured. "I can't blame you. Sometimes I think I am, myself. But then, you don't know the terrible

fun I'm in. I can't help myself. If I told you something, would you swear you'll never tell anybody else about it? They'd think I'm mad and they'd lock me up!" Joan nodded her head and swore that if Bill told her what bothered him, nobody else would know. Nobody! So Bill lit a cigarette and began speaking, grim little lights dancing in his eyes. "Perhaps nobody noticed a series of strange accidents and deaths a few months ago. A man in Spokane was found dead in front of his shaving mirror. Cut to pieces by glass, his mirror shattered. A woman in Miami was similarly killed, in front of a full-length mirror, while dressing. Maria Lopez, the movie queen, was killed when her glass ceiling tumbled down her lush boudoir. There were dozens of such cases, but nobody connected these deaths till one day, while I was drowsing. I became aware that I was doing one thing while my image in the mirror was doing another! Soon my image began to talk to me. Secretly, intensely. I thought my mind and my eyes were playing tricks on me, when a creature just like myself—but made entirely of GLASS—stepped out of the mirror, and took a seat just behind me. I stared at the mirror with horror. I could no longer see myself! My image had *swapped!* But not quite. He was sitting in a chair, talking to me and explaining that human beings have but one image—and that image has a life—an existence of its own! What did my image want of me? Simply this. Since I was a leading technical expert on glass, more specifically, the hardening of glass into PLATE GLASS of incalculable strength, he wanted me to follow him THROUGH the mirror and into the glass world to turn over my formulas to the GLASS PEOPLE! Since man was on the brink of atomic war and millions might die, the glass IMAGES of these unfortunate would necessarily die with them! The only way, therefore, these glass snags could protect themselves was by marching forward into our world to conquer it—and for this they needed *observable* bodies. Bodies impervious to bullets and blows! I listened to my glass alter ego in horror,

Then I picked up a chair, and before my image could stop me, I shattered him face first with one blow. The image disintegrated in a shower of glass splinters. Suddenly, a swarm of glass images, all resembling human beings, leaped out of my glass mirror and laid hold of me. I was stunned, first with shock, then with the viciousness of their blows. As I sank into unconsciousness, I felt myself being dragged through the merger! When I came to, I was in the presence of a herd of vicious men who threatened me with death unless I surrendered my glass-hardening formulas to them. I stared around me in astonishment! These were glass men, living in glass houses, glass streets, driving glass vehicles—a civilization exactly like ours, except that everything was a reflection made of glass. They had glass hearts and their thinking was viciously transparent, too! To make my long story short, I tricked them into thinking I was preparing something in their laboratory . . . a chemical bath which would harden their glass bodies.—I stepped aside, and the more eager of the glass people dashed into the bath and were cracked to death in the hot liquid. Then I put up a whole of a bottle, smashing the glass cohorts who sought to capture me. I seized hold of their disaster and threatened to kill him unless he allowed me to return to my world, and never to capture any other glass expert to do their horrible bidding. The tyrant gave in, but warned me that sooner or later they would reclaim me the second I looked at myself in a mirror again, since my own image was dead. That's what explained the mysterious deaths around the country! When an image accidentally perished in the glass world, its human counterpart died the second it confronted a reflecting surface! This was to be my fate!

Somehow, sometime, soon I too, would look into

a mirror but instead of dying, like the others, I would be *recaptured*! I got through the mirror, smashed what was left of it, holding my hand over my eyes, not to see my image, and ever since then I've been avoiding glass, mirrors, chrome . . . anything that would give back my image and deliver me into the hands of the glass world!"

Bill panted breathlessly and pleaded, pleading, to his beds of one hour. He took her hands in his. "Can't you see the terrifying spot I'm in, Joan? I can't look into a mirror or a window, not because I'm crazy, but because if I don't avoid reflecting surfaces, I will become the captive of the glass world! I will be forced to do their evil bidding! They will march out of every mirror and window in the world and try to conquer it! Maybe we can defeat them, but think of the bloodbath the world would have to endure in order to destroy these glass hordes!"

With a shudder, Joan removed her hands from his clasp. "Y-You ARE mad!" she whispered. "Mad as any lunatic in the insane asylum! Your work with glass has twisted your brain! They warned me against you! Everybody did! But I didn't listen!" With a choked sob she ran out of the room. Bill stared after her. "So SHE, too, thinks I'm crazy," he said to himself. "They all think I'm crazy. My housekeeper, my valet, my friends, my employees. Nobody believes my story! They'll put me in a lunatic asylum! In a padded cell—" Here Bill stopped. A look of wonder crept into his eyes. That was IT! He covered his eyes carefully and staggered into the street and down the road like a blind man. When the police found Bill Cranford, Bill was smiling like an idiot. Nobody, but Bill knew why he smiled. At least, there is no MIRROR in a padded cell!

The VAMPIRE of Montmartre

GET OUT, YOU MISERABLE
EXCUSE FOR A MAN! DON'T
EVER LET ME FIND YOU
BOTHERING ROSETTA AGAIN!

INFORMED, THE FEMALE
SHARP MADE HIS WAY TO
HIS NIGHTLY ABODE, THE
CEMETERY OF MONTMARTRE.

HOW THEY MOCKED HER! AND
THAT BIG-FOOTED MEN!
AWEE! BUT I'LL HAVE MY
REVENGE, SOMEDAY!

ROSETTA DID NOT KNOW THAT
HIS SHELTER WAS THE
EXACT PLACE OF ALPHON-
SINE DUMAS, WHOSE DEATH
OCCURRED UNDER HORRIBLE
CIRCUMSTANCES.

ROSETTA LOVED THE
PORTRAIT I MADE OF HER!
I KNOW... I'LL STEAL IT
BACK FROM HER!

IN THE MONTMARTRE SECTION OF
PARIS-- THAT SHADY AREA WHERE
UNHEALTHY THINGS CAN HAPPEN--
THE MOST MONSTROUS EVENT IN
YEARS WAS THE UNHOLY FACT
THAT MORRIS, THE SHARPENED PAINTER,
ENTERED INTO WITH A BLOOD-
LOTTING VAMPIRE. IT ALL BEGAN
WHEN MORRIS FELL MADLY IN LOVE
WITH ROSETTA, A BEAUTIFUL
GALLERIST WHOSE PORTRAIT HE
HAD PAINTED. BUT ROSETTA
MOCKED HIS ARDENT ADVANCES...
AND JUST WHEN THE SHARPENED
SHARP WAS ABOUT TO TELL HER,
HER LOVE MORRIS CHANGED TO
HATE.



LATER, WHEN ROSETTA HAD LEFT HER GARRET ROOM TO REHEARSE AT THE BALLET THEATRE.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL...THE FINEST PORTRAIT I EVER MADE! BUT ROSETTA SHALL NOT HAVE IT!



ROOM

EVEN IN THE PAINTING SHE SEEMS TO SMILE AND MOCK ME!



CURSE YOU! IF HEINRICH HAD NOT COME, I WOULD HAVE CHOKED THE LIFE FROM YOU!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE FURIAL WALL TREMBLED! THERE WAS A SHOWER OF BROKEN STONES, AND...



A—A VAMPIRE'S CORPSE!
AIEEEEE!

AT LAST! THE STAKE HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM MY HEART, AND I CAN LIVE AGAIN! BLOOD! I MUST HAVE BLOOD!



WITH ENOUGH FRESH BLOOD, I WILL RESUME MY NORMAL APPEARANCE... AND BE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN!



SPARE ME... PLEASE!
I—I WILL BRING YOU OTHER VICTIMS! MY BLOOD WILL NOT BE ENOUGH FOR YOU!

HEMM. PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT!
WE SHALL MAKE A PACT! YOU MUST
BRING ME OTHER VICTIMS! ALL A
BALLET DANCER!



I, TOO, WAS ONCE A
DANCER! WHEN I BECAME
NORMAL AGAIN, I SHALL
RESUME MY GLORIOUS
CAREER!



MEANWHILE, ROSETTA HAD RETURNED
HOME FROM THE THEATRE.

WHA...? SOMEONE'S BROKEN IN! MY
BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT—GONE! IT
MUST HAVE BEEN THAT HORRIBLE,
PITIFUL MONSTER!



GONE OUT TO SEARCH FOR THE MISS
SHARP. ROSETTA'S STEPS BROUGHT HER
TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE MONTMARTRE
CEMETERY.



WHO THERE YOU ARE,
YOU EVIL CREATURE! I
NEVER HAD YOU HIDDEN MY
PORTRAIT! I MUST HAVE
IT BACK!

MY FIRST VICTIM FOR THE VAMPIRE! WHAT SWEET
REVENGE!



COME, ROSETTA! I WILL SHOW YOU
WHERE I HAVE HIDDEN THE PORTRAIT!



AH, THE FIRST VICTIM!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL,
MONSIEUR!



NO! NO!
AIEEEE!

MOMUS BURIED THE BODY OF ROSETTA IN THE SAME HOLE FROM WHICH THE HORRIBLE HUNGER HAD EMERGED.



ALREADY MY FLESH REGAINS ITS NORMAL TEXTURE!

SO, MOMUS! JUST A FEW MORE VICTIMS, AND ALPHONSE DUMAS SHALL LIVE AGAIN AMONG MORTALS!



DURING THE NEXT FEW NIGHTS, TO KEEP HIS DANGEROUS SECRET, MOMUS FURTHERMORE SOUGHT OUT VICTIMS FOR THE HUNGER. STEALTHILY, HE CARRIED EACH BODY TO THE HOLE IN THE NIGHTMARE CEMETERY, WHERE THE BLACK-WINGED CREATURE IMPATIENTLY AWAITED HER PREY.



AND AT LAST THE TRANSFORMATION WAS COMPLETED! THE HORRIFIC CREATURE HAD BECOME THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL ALPHONSE DUMAS ONCE MORE! I LIVE AGAIN! I SHALL TAKE UP MY LIFE WHERE I LEFT OFF! FIRST, A PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE!



I HAVE IT! THE ROOM OF YOUR FIRST VICTIM! ROSETTA WILL NOT BE USING IT ANY MORE!

EXCELLENT! YOU WILL LEAD ME THERE, MY CRAFTY MOMUS!



AND SO ALPHONSE OCCUPIED ROSETTA'S ROOM THE NEXT MORNING. SHE HAD A WAITER

PLEASE COME IN! I, I.E.R., AM LOOKING FOR ROSETTA MORLAY! SHE HAS BEEN ABSENT FROM REHEARSALS FOR NEARLY A WEEK!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM HENRI DUFONT, DANCE DIRECTOR OF THE BALLET THEATER.

ROSETTA WENT TO BRITANY TO VISIT A DRINK UNCLE. I AM KEEPING HER ROOM UNTIL SHE RETURNS!

I, TOO, AM A DANCER. MAY I AUDITION FOR YOU?

Y—YES . . . OF COURSE! WE CAN GO TO THE THEATER NOW, IF YOU WISH!

ALPHONSE WAS A GOOD DANCER, AND HENRI ENGAGED HER. MEANWHILE, ROMUS HAD BUSY UP ROSETTA'S CORPSE. AND

NOW FOR MY REVENGE AGAINST HENRI DUFONT FOR THROWING ME DOWN THE STAIRS! HA HA!

WHEN THE HORROR PARTYING WAS FINISHED A FEW HOURS LATER, ROMUS MADE HIS WAY TO THE BALLET THEATER. WHEN HE FOUND THE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR DESERTED.

WHAT WILL YOUR LOVER THINK OF YOU NOW, MY UNLOVELY ROSETTA, EH? HEE HEE!

AND A FEW HOURS LATER, WHEN HENRI ARRIVED AT THE THEATER FOR A REHEARSAL.

WHAT! IT—IT'S THE PORTRAIT OF ROSETTA! AND THIS OTHER ONE . . . ROSETTA AS A—A DECOMPOSING CORPSE! IT'S HORRIBLE!

FEARED OF THE TRUE MEANING OF THAT HORROR PORTRAIT, HENRI PHONED ROSETTA'S PARENTS.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? YOU HAVE NO RELATIVES IN BRITANY? I—I SEE!

SO ALPHONSE LIED TO ME! SHE WASN'T IN THE REHEARSAL HALL. I MUST SEE HER AT ONCE!

REMARKABLE, A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION HAD COME OVER ALPHONSINE IN HER BARRET ROOM!

AH! THE BLOOD OF MY FIRST VICTIM IS USED UP! I MUST HAVE A FRESH SUPPLY, BEFORE MY FLESH SHRINKS AGAIN! I MUST FIND WOMAN!



AND AS THE CREATURE FLEW OUT INTO THE NIGHT...

IT- IT'S 'ALPHONSINE'!
SHE'S A VAMPIRE!



HENRY FOLLOWED THE FLIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE TO THE MONTMARTRE CEMETERY, AND...

QUICKLY, WOMAN! YOU MUST BRING NEW VICTIMS! I DARE NOT ROAM THE STREETS MYSELF LIKE THIS! I MAY BE SEEN AND REVEALED!



I GO! THERE IS A CERTAIN SOMEONE AT THE BALLET THEATRE, WHOM YOU SHALL FEAST ON TONIGHT!

HE --
HE
HEARS
ME!



JEANETTE AT THE THEATRE IN A TAXI BEFORE THE WALKING WOMAN, HENRY CONCEALED HIMSELF BEHIND HIS OFFICE DOOR SOON.



HENRY CALLED THE POLICE THEN

BUT WHAT IS THIS ABOUT A VAMPIRE?
SUCH THINGS DO NOT EXIST!



JUST BE PATIENT!
WHEN THIS MAD CREATURE DOES NOT RETURN TO THE CEMETERY MY GUESS IS THAT THE VAMPIRE WILL GET IMPATIENT AND SEEK HIM HERE!

RENN'S GUESS WAS RIGHT! THE FRANTIC VAMPIRE DROOPED INTO THE THEATER IN SEARCH OF MONROE!

DO I HAVE FOUND YOU? WHY DID YOU KEEP ME WAITING, FOOL?

SEE? THERE IS YOUR VAMPIRE!



IF ONLY I CAN ENHANCE HER BEFORE SHE SEES ME!



YOU HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN OUR TRAP, EVIL CREATURE!



THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DESTROY A VAMPIRE!



THE DWARF IS ESCAPING!

FLEEING OF THE BACK STAIRS TO A TOP FLOOR, MONROE RAN INTO A STORAGE ROOM, WHERE...

AHH / ROSETTA! SHE HAS COME FROM THE GRAVE TO HAUNT ME!



THE TERRIFIED DWARF CRASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW IN PANIC, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE HAUNTING CORPSE!



MOMENTS LATER...

WHEN I GOT TO THE STORAGE ROOM, THE MOON-LIGHT WAS SHINING ON THE HORROR PORTRAIT OF POOR ROSETTA! MONROE THOUGHT HE SAW THE ACTUAL CORPSE. HE IS THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN DEVILISH DEEDS!



THE VAMPIRE OF PAIN NOW LIES BURIED IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE. ROSETTA'S CORPSE WAS RECOVERED FROM THE PAINT IN THE MONTMARTRE CEMETERY AND BURIED IN CONSECRATED GROUND. AND IF YOU SHOULD ENTER THE BALLET THEATER IN PARIS TODAY, YOU WOULD SEE THE VERY PORTRAIT ORIGINALLY PAINTED BY MONROE, OF THE BEAUTIFUL ROSETTA MORLAY!



THE END

BLACK COFFIN of the Voodoo JINX

VOODOO IT'S IN THE BALMY AIR OF THE WEST INDIES. LANDING IN THE EVENING, WHEN THE CRUISE SHIP SANTIAGO DOCKED IN HARTBOUR, THERE WERE FIVE PEOPLE ON BOARD WHO WERE DUE FOR MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY EVER DRESSED! JIM SMITTY, GLEN BARWOOD, WANDA SHERMAN, LOU JOYCE -- AND CAPTAIN THE STEWARD WHO SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO START THE WHOLE HORRIBLE MESS...



JIM SMITTY GLEN BARWOOD WANDA SHERMAN JOE SMITTY LOU JOYCE

HELLO, STEWARD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOARD?

SAMPLING THE BEST FOOD IN PORT! TRY IT FOR YOURSELF, MR. SMITTY!



YOU LIKE MR. STATUE. W'EN UP IT LOOK EXACTLY LIKE YOU I SELL CHEAP!

WHY YOU FILTHY RAT TRYING TO BARGE ME WITH A VODOO CURSE?





I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT VODOOD STUFF ANYWAY, SO TAKE THAT FOR YOUR STATUE AND YOURSELF!

BAHNNNN! YOU TAKE THAT!



AN, M'NEED, YOU MUST FORGIVE POOR SCHMIDLE, HE MADE'S WAX STATUES ONLY TO BUY COFFEE

SEND HIM OVER, I'LL PAY HIM TO MAKE ONE OF ME!



NICE JOB, DOWNHOLE, YOU'RE AN EXPERT AT WAX CARVING! I'LL SHOW IT TO CARRAWAY, THE STEWARD, WHEN HE COMES ABOARD THE SHIP!

THAT HE WILL NEVER SO COME BOARD HIS SHIP! NOT AFTER WHAT I DO WITH HIS STATUE!



AHOO, MATESS!

IT'S CARRAWAY'S PRY-- I LEFT SOMETHING IN MY CABIN THAT I WANT TO SHOW HIM--

JIM-- HE'S GOING TO FALL IN!



GET HIM OUT BEFORE HE DRIFTS UNDER THE DOCK AND GETS TRAPPED THERE!

HURRY, BEFORE THE SHIP WASHES HIM AGAINST A PILING!



ONE HOUR LATER

THEY GOT POOR CARRAWAY'S BODY FINE! WERE YOU GOING TO SHOW HIM JIM?

NOTHING-- NOTHING THAT WOULD MATTER. LET'S GET THE OTHERS, WANDA, AND GO HOME! WE CAN FORGET ALL THIS.



WRRRRIE, THE WAY POOR CARRAWAY DIED?

SO STRANGE! THERE IS SOMETHING EERIE ABOUT THIS PLACE!

I WANT YOU TO MAKE WAX STATUES OF MY FRIENDS WITHOUT THEM KNOWING IT. JUST AS CONVENIENT, OF COURSE.

HERE'S FIFTY DOLLARS.

AM, M'SIEUR? I SHALL DO ONE PERFECT JOB!



SO JIM DRETT INVESTED FIFTY DOLLARS ON THE CHANCE A LARK COULDED BE FLEEN GARDNER'S SPOUSE AND THE MARE DOMINANT FORCED IN THE MID PUZZLE... BACK ON THE SHIP, DRETT TOOK OUT THE EXPENSE.

MY THREE DEAR FRIENDS-CLEM GARDWOOD, WANDA SHERMAN AND LOU JOYCE. WE'LL SEE HOW THE VOODOO HOODOO WORKS WITH YOU AFTER WE REACH NEW YORK.



BACK IN NEW YORK...

WELL, WE'RE BACK IN TIME FOR YOU TO GO ON YOUR HUNTING TRIP. HI, GARDWOOD!

I'M CLEM TO YOU, MY BOY! YOU'RE MY JUNIOR PARTNER NOW! TAKE CARE OF THE BUSINESS WHILE I'M GONE!



GLAD YOU'RE BACK, MR. DRETT. YOUR APARTMENT HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DECORATED-AND WE PUT A SPECIAL LOCK ON YOUR STUDY DOOR, LIKE YOU ORDERED.

GOOD. THAT'S ONE PLACE WHERE I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED.



I'M TIRED OF THE JUNIOR.

THAT'S SO HOME GOES, CLEM, OLD MAN. LET'S SEE IF YOUR HEART CAN STAND THE STRAIN.



JUST AN EXPERIMENT IN VOODOO RITUAL? WHAT CHANCE COULD THERE BE IN STICKING A PIN INTO A WAX FIGURE AND FOR AT ALL FOR JIM DRETT--OR FOR CLEM GARDWOOD UNLESS THERE WAS SOMETHING REAL IN VOODOO SUPERSTITION?

RABBLE RABBLE, MR. GARDWOOD--HARDY THE DOGALL WILL WAMP UP.

THERE'S OUR CAMP MAYBE WE CAN HAVE IT BEFORE THE STORM!



WE MADE IT...AND JUST IN TIME!

GARDWOOD? WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU SLEEPY?







IT'S WANDA SHERMAN, THE GIRL THEY WERE EXPECTING AT STONY LODGE.

SHE COULDN'T HAVE SUFFERED LONG HER MIND IS BROKEN.



A MONTH LATER...
AS ATTORNEY FOR THE SHERMAN ESTATE I AM PAYING YOUR BILL, BRETT, BUT ONLY ON THE SAY-SO OF YOUR FRIEND, MR. JOYCE.

YES, WANDA DID TELL CLEM BARWOOD TO MAKE THOSE PLANS-- AND CLEM'S BUSINESS NOW BELONGS TO YOU, JIM.



NICE OF YOU TO SPEAK UP FOR ME. I SUPPOSE I OWE YOU TEN PERCENT OUT OF THAT \$80000.

YOU OWE ME NOTHING I AM ONE ARCHITECT TO ANOTHER I THINK YOU SADDLED WANDA WITH A LOT OF PLANS THAT CLEM NEVER MEANT TO CHARGE TO HER.



BUT WITH BOTH CLEM AND WANDA DEAD THERE WAS NO WAY TO PROVE IT. RIGHT NOW I'M ON MY WAY TO THE AIRPORT TO CATCH THE PLANE FOR MIAMI, IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU.



IT MEANT PLenty TO HIM BUT TOO MUCH IN FACT HE CHANGED A CAR MODEL AND MANAGED NONE TO HIS APARTMENT THERE BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR OF HIS STUDY, BRETT BEGAN WITH THE POPPOPO.

THAT MEANS JOYCE AFTER THE NEW CIVIC OPERA HOUSE-- THE JOB THEY PROMISED ME I BEING HONEST, HE WILL UNDERSTAND ME.



THERE GOES YOUR IMAGE, JOYCE -- THE FASTEST WOODCOCK JOB EVER!



THE SKYSHIP THAT JUST TOOK OFF FOR MIAMI. ONE ENGINE'S FLAMING AND SHE'S COMING BACK!

SHE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



Nobody will identify any of those victims except by your passenger list!

LOOKS LIKE THE MOST PROMINENT PERSON ON BOARD WAS LEO JOYCE, THE ARCHITECT...



THE NEXT DAY...
MIAMI CALLING MR. BRETT! CONFIRMING THE OPERA HOUSE CONTRACT!

I'LL PHONE THEM BACK AFTER I GET THE PAPERS FROM MY VAULT. I CAN'T TALK NOW. I'M THINKING OF POOR LEO, SOME LIKE POOR WANDA AND POOR, POOR GLEN...

YES, AND JOE BRETT WAS THINKING OF HIMSELF, TOO, IN WOODCOCK TERMS WOODCOCK HAD MADE HIS FUTURE... NOW WAS THE TIME TO BURY WOODCOCK IN THE PAST!



I'LL PUT THIS WAX IMAGE OF MYSELF IN MY SAFE DEPOSIT WALT. THEN, NOBODY CAN SEE IT AND ASK IF I EVER HAD ANY OTHER!



OH, MR. BRETT, YOUR OFFICE JUST CALLED. THEY WANT YOU TO INSPECT THE EXCAVATION WORK AT THE NEW ARCADE BUILDING.

I WONDER WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, THERE...



LOOK, THERE'S MR. BRETT...

THE BLAST HAS KNOCKED HIM OUT! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN OVER THERE TO NURSE HIM!



THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM, DOC.

I KNOW IT WAS THE CON-
CUSSION THAT HIT HIM HE MAY
COME TO LIFE IN A FEW HOURS—
OR NOT AT ALL.

THE DOCTOR WAS RIGHT ON EVERYTHING BUT THE ONE ELEMENT! IT WASN'T UNTIL 48 HOURS LATER THAT BRETT'S HEART BEGAN TO PULSE AGAIN AND HIS EYES AND FINGERED OPEN.



WHAT -- WHERE AM I? WHAT'S
THAT SOUND? WHO'S THERE?



LISTEN! WHEN THAT DIRT
THUMPS THE COFFIN I
HEAR SOMETHING BANG
— BACK!

POUSES IT! IT'S
ONLY THE ECHO
FROM THE DIRT!



HELP— GASP— HELP— GASP—
GASP— AHHHH!



YOU WERE RIGHT
ABOUT THOSE
COOKIES THEY
GOT LESS AS
WE FILLED
THE DRAVE

SURE —
AND THEN
SUIT
ALTOGETHER.



YES, THIS IS MR. BRETT'S
SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT—
WHT/LOOK/HERE'S
AN IMAGE OF HIM,
MADE IN WAX!

A WOODEN
STATUE! BRETT
MUST HAVE
BROUGHT IT BACK
FROM HIS CRUISE.
NOBODY WANTS THIS
IT MUST BE
JUNKED!

YES IT WAS JUNKED WITH THE WOODEN
MOODS THAT JAMES BRETT WORKED ON
OTHERS AND BROUGHT UPON HIMSELF
WHEN HE WAS BURIED ALIVE LIKE HIS
IMAGE STILL IT COULD HAVE ALL BEEN
CHANCE -- OR COULD IT?

THE END

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON

... and look what I did for them!



My name, **James H. Wood** 35 years old 5' 10" 140 lbs.



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4-3-34 **Sam** 30 years old 5' 10" 140 lbs.



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4-3-34 **Sam** 30 years old 5' 10" 140 lbs.



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